the party loved is laid on a bed of distress, or fighting with the billows of death ? A love is then kindled which never burned before, and tears flow from eyes, the very fountains of which seemed to have been dried up by the scorching power of this world's anxieties. It is the very circumstance that the race is lost which awakens so deep a feeling in the breast of the Christian—a feeling accompanied with the thought that what is thus lost is precious above all price which can be set upon it, and that the recovery of it is worth any amount of labour which he can render—even as it was worth the sacrifice of the very Son of God.